THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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[The Roman Letter-Writer.]

Original Tales.

ROSA AND BEATRICE; Or, the Roman Letter-Writer.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CHARLES CARROLL.

CHAPTER I.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their time"
Now mid the soft scenery of Italy's clime.
BYRON.

There is hardly any object that elicits the American traveller in Italy with so much surprise as the numerous Letter Writers that are found in all the principal cities. Coming from a land where education is so widely diffused, that it is uncommon to meet with a family, some members of which, at least, cannot read and write, he has never imagined the existence even of a class, rendered necessary by the universal ignorance that prevails among the mass of society in many Italian States, but most notoriously under papism at Rome. As he wanders through the streets of Rome or Naples, he encounters continually the portable establishment of the Letter Writer, made up of an old rickety table, a few sheets of paper, some pens, a pen knife, a bottle of ink, and almost the sure of a cane, and a still more curiously contrived ink horn. To the above articles, the more wealthy of the trade add a couple of stools, one for the writer himself, and the other for his employer, and a pair of spectacles, indeed—sometimes to aid the sight, but perhaps oftener to give consistence and dignity to the profession.

Thus furnished and ready to proceed to business, the Letter Writer awaits with a composed degree of the eternal city," whose colossal ruins for miles on either side, give evidence of the grandeur and extent of her once mighty empire, "the last of earth," and a sudden curve at the end of a narrow street, discovers to the traveller's eye the first glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's, "rising majestically above the surrounding mountains, and seeming to touch the heavens,"

Into the details which followed, and which are richly worthy perusal, we cannot enter. We can but glance at the grand results. Spiritual, aided by social, authority was too much for the sense; and, with the exception of some hailstorms of the more advanced in years, they chose to quit the convent, and return to the homes of their male families, rather than to submit to their hated visitors. A new community was brought to supply their places, and their ample possessions secured lost to them forever. But it said on. Whatever might have been their faults, they had, at least, been excellent customers to the shopkeepers of Rome: this other concession were not. The friars were parsimonious, and therefore unpopular; and in a short time the exiled conditions of the sisters attracted deep sympathy of the citizens. That the successors in possession should fail to be liberal, need not to be wondered at—for, in truth, they had not the power. As the title-deeds of many masters—probably most of them—had been cunningly abstracted, and the tenant secretly assisted to quit the real, the rents were soon fearfully diminished. This state of policy was followed by others equally able; until the noble relatives of the exiled sections openly trened in their behalf, and Rome was invented by formidable armed bands. This demonstration was so fatal to the sitizens, whose commerce it destroyed, as it was favorable to the nuns, whose interests and antipathy at length enlisted in favor of the majesty of the earth, whether ecclesiastic or secular. The end may be easily foreseen. In 1452, they were restored to their convent, allowed to choose their own advocates, and indemnified for their losses.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1846.

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THE LOVE OF NATURE.

Hazlitt, in his lectures on the English Poets, has given the best explanation we have seen of the sweet charm that links the beauty of Nature so close to the mind and heart. It is because the intercourse with her is not only known object or familiar scene can be readily, indeed imperceptibly be associated to all others of the same class that may at any time come before us in the course of our lives and so renew again and again, in all their freshness, our first lively associations. This is a perennial source of delight and one of the best proofs of our nature. With our human relations are associated change, decay and death. If we lose the friend or the childhood, the love of youth, and the hope of ever restore to us that sacred image. It is utterly gone. Others perhaps brighter and better, may take its place but never on earth, among all the infinitely diversified forms of humanity, shall we greet again those enchanting lineaments that live in memory as the type of our life's most fair beauty remain.

Not so with the pleasant images stamped upon the mind by the beautiful things of nature. The sight of a coming brook in spring-time revives with the freshness of the impressions our childish days. The light so bustling dance and making waterfalls with the stones it dances over. As we listen to its murmur, or gaze along the pebbles, the very sound is one ears that such so exactly into the simple heart of childhood. Some rumble of peculiar pleasure is recalled and at once all the little sights and fancies come glimmering up from the depths of memory, they lived a brighter coloring to the sense by time as until the maiden speaks, so clearly and distinct looks they last are as soft and green as at that golden time, and the sunshine illumines all things with a glory that seems to exist in the vision of the past can attract down upon this fickle earth again. A simple flower has a magic in its familiar lineaments to call up bright pictures that might else have slept forever. Its fragrance not heavily dwells the sense, it calls into the heart's sudden breath of the sweet delicious blue of youth, and another the tactful air unpredictable and the flow of the world, together the confusion of a new being. Whoever has heard in happy hours the rich tuneful gush of a robin's song, chiming in with the sweet associations belongs like the essence of a little to exquote its human utterance could never satisfy them to those that possess the sensation, for many one which they embody thrilling through every sense.

Well may we love nature at the source and the remainder of our purest pleasures. Happy is he who has well acquainted himself with its treasures and beauty, and happier still the man who has made such. How rich and satisfying are such resources of happiness those only know who have felt them, being the delight to crowns of designers and dream-ers. To use the beautiful words of Hazlitt, "The spirit is ever the same with kindred language, dwelling on the heart without tongue; and the instinct of the mouth like the music of one's native land is sweet for all country. The same idea is expressed by Wordsworth, himself a life-long student and lover and worshipper of the beauty that has been his chief inspiration:—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy, for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneer of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

GROWING TIRED.

It is stated in one of our exchanges that nearly all Catholics and Young Americans are dissatisfied with those countries—some are said to have already, while others have resolved off in some places—search of the Old Dutchie of these Countries. It is no more than we expected. He was given to a self-conduct, mind and character, to find a position with a few honest steadily built for his future, and both cleared off and fleeced in. The first notices to any one coming out of necessity, bread and butter or water for others. Upon them must fall the brunt of the contest with the native roughness or barbarism of the Countries. What they gain is good, it only slowly work. If men are out of employment at the East, let them seek the West, and there they will find it, and at high wages. But let no man who is doing well in the East, delude him self with the idea that there is no El Dorado opened for him in the West. It may be for his interest to go there—but land is cheap and daily increasing in value and if it is good, it will be to have a long—and—some acres which a man can call his own. But toil is the inevitable lot or the great mass wherever they may wander, this side of the grave. Let no reasonable sometimes there are to our destination—first, because it is our destiny; and secondly, because it is doubtless the best for our moral and physical well being. Every one doubtless gets tired at times and is go for rest, but in so much as without desperation; it is as we did so—can quietly says of sleep—or will get enough of it at the grave."

CAPTAIN MAY.

The Washington Correspondent of the Public Ledger gives the following anecdote relative to the original appointment of this gentleman by Gen. Jackson, as Lieutenant of Dragoons. By the way, "Captain May" is now Colonel May, he having been appointed and confirmed—first, as Major of Dragoons, for his services in the battle of the 8th of May, and secondly, as Brevet Lieut. Colonel of Dragoons, for his services in the battle of Buena Vista.

"During General Jackson's administration, young May, then but a boy, and expect in horsemanship, was begging a military appointment. A General's vacancy occurred in a regiment of dragoons. May heard of it, and mounting a fine horse, dressed with leather jacket and pantaloons of justice, in Sportsman's style, and dashed from Brown's Hotel, on the Avenue, up to the President's House, and on to Georgetown, through mud, rain, and every thing else. Upon arriving there, he turned his horse's head back again, and dismounted at the portals of the President's House covered with mud. Sally, or Jemmy, (a old Nail, then the doorkeeper, "I want to see the President." "He is engaged now, major day," says Jemmy. "But I must see him," says May. O'Neil, looking at the rider and the horse, imagined the visitor the bearer of an important government despatch, and immediately retired to make the announcement to Gen. Jackson. The latter, on the Avenue, with his characteristic promptitude, directed his Cabinet to withdraw, and the stranger to be ushered in. Major May, an elegant, well dressed and beautifully proportioned, cap in hand, made his bow to the President. "What is your business, young man? Be quick for I am busy." "I have," said he, "that there is a vacancy in the Lieutenancy of Dragoons, and I have rode, sir, a long distance there like instead sight to ask to be the appointment. Jackson, astonished, scanned him from head to foot, and from the scrutiny, judged that he had taken him for material of a soldier. "And you, are you a good horseman." "My horse is of the gait, said young May, 'see me mount!' and Jemmy stanched the pedestal it resembled nothing human or divine, and seemed to have dwindled to a mere point. The sprightly horse and rider appeared in dismounted as man never did before. This occurred during the Florida war. The old General asked him whether he could kill an Indian? 'Yes,' said May, 'kill him, by —, and eat him!' That day May was Lieutenant of Dragoons!"

Apropos to the above is another anecdote of Gen. Jackson, illustrative of the peculiar character of "old Hickory." For this also we are indebted to the same source.

"Mr. Laval, of whose appointment as Subtreasurer at Charleston, S. C., I have already apprised you, is the son of Mr. Laval, was the companion of Lafayette in the war of the Revolution—a noble, high-toned, generous Frenchman. At Gen. Jackson's entrance into Florida, in 1818, Laval was a captain under him, and at the siege of Pensacola, highly distinguished himself as a brave soldier and desperate warrior. He was designated by General Jackson to take command of the forlorn hope. In one of the earliest sorties of the enemy, a regiment of artillery, under the best Spanish direction, threatened destruction to the American lines which were making an attempt to take them. The guns were signed to Capt. Laval. He promptly obeyed, and dividing his company they deployed to the right and left, awaiting in front of the centre the order to charge! The first man shot down by the Spaniards was Laval, but not arms were vacated by the fall. At the instant order to charge the gallant captain wallowing in his blood. He was by his side in an instant, and bore him in his own arms to the coach which he had at the same time directed to be prepared for him. A surgeon was sent for, who upon examining the wounded soldier, pronounced aloud, 'General, he cannot live!' The all here heard the opinion of the physician, and looking at him for a moment steadily in the eye, exclaimed, 'By the Eternal, he SHALL live!' He did live, and Laval is Receiver General of Charleston, by appointment of President Polk, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE.

The success of the influential combination, whose dissolution took place at Manchester on the 13th ult., is a great object, the abolition of the Corn Laws, is one of the most remarkable instances of the power of public opinion in modern times. Its triumph is an evidence of the power that is in truth, apart from office or station, over the control of national affairs, and one of the strongest evidences that this age of the world is really in advance of any that has preceded it. Whether the league had justice and the right on their side or not, whether the philanthropist and the Christian to greater exertions in every just and honest cause, to think that the world has now arrived at that point when the most vexatious grievances, sanctified by physical force can give to the strongest in sight, and opinion when they have the right. Whether they framed the League in from the London Times:

"In the year 1838, a small body of gentlemen connected with manufactures and commerce, met in Manchester. Among them were a few merchants and a banker, or two from the neighborhood. They met for the purpose of forming a society, to be composed of large political, or indeed, any other than mercantile interest. They were endowed by some individuals present with the sum of £50. This was the germ of money which they subscribed amounted only to £2,000. It was subsequently increased to £50,000. Delegates from the young association visited London, to watch the proceedings of Parliament. Applications were made to the Queen and to the Lords and over England. No means were neglected by which the doctrines of free trade could be brought home to the minds of all, but exactly in the degree in which that the Legislature and the Ministry still remained hostile to them. The year 1841 ended in gloom. Trade was at a stand still. Many of the mills were playment interrupted, the pressure of severe destitution and consequent disorder and the partial relaxed of disaffection and turbulence. Further pecuniary sacrifice tried to turn the course to the advantage of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, but in vain. The public mind was not to be brought to bear on the subject. But even as moderate patience and calmness which save them the time was arriving when they were to be called upon to adjust the balance between the demands of a fair moderate agitation and a powerful aristocracy, by a peaceful and constitutional combination. It unfortunately earned the Monster of the consequences which must ensue from a premature exertion of moderate power. The time was not yet ripe. The public mind was not sufficiently excited. Some abortive experiments were decided and profit-less, scarcely any of the annual meetings continued to be held, and in Parliament, as before, all was without avail. In 1842 the Free Trade Hall was opened in Manchester, and during the course of the year announced to be £43,000. Then the committee of the previous association, were transferred from its paltry rooms to the Free Trade Hall. Further, as its doors to its convened audiences and unusual patronage. For the first time in our country's history, the powerful representative of the great interests were heard haranguing at 10 o'clock at night on the benefits of the cause. Cobden and the Leaguer junior Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox followed Mr. Bright. Mr. Cobden interested with Lord Radnor. Men of fashion joined the ranks. Men of rank threatened a combination. The gatherings gained in attraction in popularity, and finally in influence. Whilst Mr. Cobden was lessening the ranks of the Tories in the House of Commons, and by his strong sense and logical faculty unceremoniously convincing the Prime Minister by whom he was opposed, Mr. Bright, in Leaguer, by the aid of weapons less powerful over the multitude, but more mighty to move people to action, was doing the same work in Free Trade Hall. The year 1844 witnessed similar feats in the Anti-Corn Law agitation. Success was at hand. The subscriptions had increased to £100,000. And then began the last movement, that of the registration. Both parties were at work in every town and county, and the Anti-Corn Law League was the force which, more than slowly but surely accumulating, was opposed against the struggle to which they look their stand. Both parties fought, and each in its own the chastisen whom they were entered to fight against.

MR. GOUGH.

We are sorry to learn that this eminent advocate of Temperance is not expected to live. A return president of his disease has taken place in the Hartford county, Va. under date of August 31 says:—"Very many of your Philadelphia readers are interested in the health of Mr. Gough, now at the United Lecturer. I write, therefore, to inform you that he is not expected to live. He has been suffering from an attack of bilious fever, and that in a very bad way. He

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Congressional News.

The session of Congress that has just closed has been one of the most important ever held. The legislation has been that it has engaged itself in productive of a vast amount of either good or evil. Some of them, it is allowed by nearly every one, will have a beneficial influence, while others, among which is the new Tariff, are both applauded and denounced in the most vehement manner. Time, however, will decide which is right, and which is wrong unbappiness and ruin, or happiness and prosperity in their train—and from its decisions there can be no appeal but to folly and its supporters.

The Washington Union gives a general view of the measures adopted during the past session, which we will hardly enumerate. Texas has been incorporated into the Union; the notice about the gun-grass, and grass generally in the Great Basin—a state of war recognized with Mexico, and the most vigorous measures adopted for prosecuting that war—the Tariff of '42 has been repealed, and by a Revenue Bill, which discards all minimums and specific duties, and is estimated on the ad valorem principle, and a Warehousing System, by which no note operates in December next. A uniform Territorial Treasury has been established, and a law to effect the sale of the Public Lands. The two bills providing for the admission of two new States into the Union, have also become laws. The one providing for Iowa Territory will almost certainly enter in this new sister of the confederacy at the next session of Congress, with her present limits and boundary sanctions. Wisconsin will enter at the next session, or certainly at the next Congress, with her two Senators and a Representative.

The most important measure adopted by the present session is the Bonded

Selected Poetry.

FROM AN EVENING PAPER.

A WELCOME TO ELIHU BURRITT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

"His love is wax with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And he lends the whole world a helping hand;
For he owes not any man."
Longfellow's Village Blacksmith.

Up, toiling fellow-men! arouse,
The good ship nears the strand,
That bears a true and honest man
From far far western land:—
Up, up, and give him welcome!
No lord, and no slave's,
But meet him as a friend meets friend
After the lapse of years.
With nervous grasp of the hand,
And gladness full of love,
And joyous words, and smiles as bright
As sunbeams from above.

What though your cheeks be sun-embrowned,
Your hands grown hard with toil;
Think ye he'll not return the grasp,
And render smile for smile?
What though your speech be rude, and ye
Of knowledge have small store?
While he hath mastered many tongues
And deeply drunk of lore;
Will he disdain'd turn away,
And scorn his fellow-men?
Oh, no, 'tis such as you he loves,
Up, up, and greet him, then!

He comes! as we somewhere come.
To pomp, and pride, and state,
He cometh not in terrene cause,
With deeds of blood elate;
He wears no kingly crown, and yet
In truth, a king is he,—
A mighty one—in realms of mind
He hath a sovereignty;
His brows are crowned, no laurel wreath,
Yet who like he hath fought,
And difficulties overcome,
And deeds of greatness wrought!

He needs his norsemagnetic force,
The blessed wonder of power,
To bid all strifes and jealousies,
And vain contentions cease;
His "olive leaves" are scattered round,
And bend on every gale,
Oh, may the lessons there impressed
O'er human hearts prevail!
Then, up, my fellow-countrymen,
And greet this noble man—
The rarest in life's great search,
And leader of the van.

For the Ladies.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

By way of episode—and a romantic though true episode it is—to the history of "The Nun's War," on our first page, we are connected with the fortunes of one author, which well deserve our attention, as another proof that truth is often stranger than fiction. We allude to Adelaide, Baroness of Wartz; whose husband was implicated in the murder of the emperor, Albert I. in 1308. He seems to have been unjustly implicated: having, though present at the catastrophe, had no knowledge of the design, and being merely a spectator of the act. That, however, was no justification in the eyes of Albert's daughter, the implacable Agnes of Hungary. "This princess," says Pfeffel, "acquired a melancholy celebrity by her cruel vengeance, not only on her father's assassins all who escaped her pursuit, and who ended their days in exile and obscurity, but on their families, friends, and allies, whom she pitilessly sacrificed to the shade of Albert, though they were innocent of complicity in the crime which laid him in the tomb." The head of the conspirators, Albert's own nephew, John of Swabia, fled in misery, at the early age of twenty-five.

"There is also a tradition so popular that it has attained a place in many Swiss annals, that during his wanderings in the wild mountains of the country to which he was born heir, the worn-bed prince was supported by a young female peasant, to whose silver hair similar features of great beauty might be seen in the streets of Vienna almost every day. Blind, he seldom begged—but at intervals, when he fancied he recognized a face of uncommon benevolence, he would approach, and say in a low voice, 'Pity the miserable son of the miserable Don John of Swabia.'

After victims so illustrious, the Baron de Wartz could not hope for fame. He was betrayed by a nobleman, and his fate brings before us the extraordinary attachment of his wife. The following graphic description is painfully interesting :—

The miserable man was extended on the scaffold, on the point of receiving the first blow, when the horror stricken crowd, assembled to witness this fearful sight, made way for a female in deep mourning, whose wan pale face, and eager efforts to approach the scene of suffering, overcame all obstacles to her desire. She walked steadily forward, and dropping on her knees implored the executioner to permit her to remain. She was the wife of the victim! Naturally of a gentle retiring nature, the Baroness of Wartz had mingled but little in the haughty court of the Emperor Albert; and after she became a mother she withdrew yet more from the gayeties though her youth and beauty, high rank, and amiable qualities had ever insured her a distinguished place in its patrician circle. She was prevailing at the Castle of Balin, a little hamlet in the parish of Gontzing in Argau, unconscious of impending evil, when the emperor met his death; and she first learnt the fatal news by seeing her castle invested by armed troops, in search of her husband and brother. Her baby, an infant of twelve months old, asleep in its cradle at her feet, was murdered as her presence in the expected order of Agnes, Queen of Hungary, Albert's daughter, as the child of a regicide; and she was commanded, under penalty of instant death, to declare where her husband had found a shelter. Her paroxysms of delight, astonishment, and grief, proved her true ignorance of the dreadful catastrophe, and after leaving a strong escort in the castle, and planting another around the convent and all the gates of the town, she commenced her search. Her first object was to find her brother, who had been her guide, friend, and counsellor from his infancy. Her knowledge of his hatreds and friendships, his habits and pursuits, would be sure upon to deliver that husband to an ignominious and lingering death. She was present during all the sickening details of his horrible sentence, supporting him through his agonies by the assistance of her unabated attachment; and during his incarceration, and when the executioner had finished his fatal office and was preparing to quarter the noble widower at night closed in, the crypt under the wheel where he was left to die in lingering torment. By the copy of gold that Agnes of money by which the sufferings of the victim were usually finished when each limb was broken, having been expressly forbidden. Memory dwelt on the moment she gave—Wartz was in the prime of life, of noble athletic form, and though his complexion was darkly bronzed, his vital energy remained—"Noble knight and three days, without food, without sleep, she watched in the valley of the dead, and on the fifth, being neither 'the birds of the air in rest or body by day nor the beasts of the field by night,' wiping from his dying frame the big drops of anguish that burst from every pore. Nature wrestled long with death; on the third morning he grew too faint to thank her for her love, and as the sun rose on the fourth day darkened, he died. Her earthly task was at completion: she rose from her knees, and forcibly but unfeeling step to Klingen, where she was sure the baron's sister. How she got there she could not tell: she fainted at the portal, and was carried in as an object of charity, as emaciated by famine, as changed by woe, that the princess her sister fainted on recollection of her person."

A Dan's Work—Mrs. Hannah Perry, wife of Seth Perry, of Manson, Maine, *ninety-one years of age* in January last, performed in one day the following labor, lately:—She went a washing for a family of four persons, spun one skein of yarn spun an old-fashioned spanning-wheel, walked a mile and picked a quart of whortleberries, and returned in season to prepare the family supper!

It is to be hoped that others will profit by her example, and "go it while they is young."

A WOMAN KILLED BY HER HUSBAND AT HER OWN REQUEST.

[The following extraordinary case occurred a short time since, in Wurtemburgh; we find it related in a late foreign journal:]

Adam Gayring, a man sixty-four years of age, of honest and upright dealings, loved and respected by all who knew him, presented himself on the 8th ult. before the authorities at Heidenheim, and stated calmly that he had just killed his wife. His declaration was immediately taken, as follows—

"My wife," he said, "as every one knows, has been suffering for a long time from illness, and at times the pains she had to endure were such as to affect her reason; she latterly gave up all hopes of recovery, and continually repeated that not only was life a torment to her, but that she feared that if I died before her, she would be reduced to utter misery. This morning, after we had read together the 4th chapter of the Book of Judges, (the murder of Sisera's people, and read the Bible every day,) she requested me to drive a nail into her temple, as Jael did to Sisera, as such a death seemed to her short and easy, and would put an end to her sufferings; she said she forgave me beforehand for the act, of which she absolved me before God and man. A nail, she said, would not cause a great hemorrhage, and would make but a slight wound. As soon as I saw dead," she added, "you can close the wound, put on me a clean cap, and no one will know anything of it. I did not, however, refuse her (continued Gayring) I gave way to the wishes of my wife. I took a nail and began to drive it into her left temple with a hammer, but the nail was too weak, and the point, instead of entering, flattened itself on the bone. I then took a small drill, but was equally unsuccessful. My wife grew impatient, and requested me to kill her at once with the hammer, which I accordingly did, by knocking in the nail. Shortly after my wife in a fit of insanity, left the house, where you can examine it at your leisure."

The magistrate immediately proceeded to the house with a medical man, and Gayring under a strong guard. They found the body dressed, upon the bed. On the left temple there was a wound, and the right side of the skull was knocked in as low down as the temple. Beside the bed was a table, on which was a Bible, the nail, drill, and hammer alluded to. On the ground was a basin of water, in which the murderer, according to his own description, washed his hands before presenting himself to the authorities.

Gayring is now in prison; he is perfectly calm, and convinced that he acted well in fulfilling the wishes of his wife by putting an end to her sufferings. Some Wurtemburg papers state that the inhabitants of the village of Gussenstadt, where the murder was committed, left their work as soon as they heard of the murder, and spent the day in the church, fasting and praying for the soul of the deceased.

Waking up the Wrong Passenger.—The New York Spirit of the Times tells on us follows — Fancy a handsome single man, fully six feet high, and well proportioned, with a reputation, politically as well as morally, it was important for him to maintain, travelling in the stage coach, in the Western part of the State of New York, and having with him, par hazard, as companions de rogage, a gentleman and his pretty wife. They stop for the night. The chambers, the time of which men, were formed in one large room by paper screens, not quite reaching to the ceiling, serving as partitions between them. The corpse of our hero was interrogated, not a little to his surprise, by the lady's attempting to get into his bed. If you do not upon it Madam, you may have half of my bed, said our hero, "but if you will take my advice, you will go to the bed of your husband. Advice was never more quickly taken—the lady vanished—and, I suppose, was more cautious thereafter."

A Sweet Song.

THE WELCOME.

FROM DAVIS'S IRISH BALLADS

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And welcome the welcomer for the kisses you give me.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"
I'll pull you the sweetest of flowers in the garden,
I'll dress them for you 'neath the wild vine that clothes it,
I'll twist from my fancy a tale that won't tire you,
Oh! your step's the air that rain to the summer we'd welcome.

Or sakes and shield to a knight without armor,
I'll keep you as safe as the sun in the sky shines not,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, a love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the spire,
We'll count the new moon o'er the brook of the lea;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll look to the trees,
We'll look at the river flowing while girl you are by me.
Oh! sheil' whisper you, "Love us unchangeably beaming."
And true, when is secret most tenderly streaming.
Till the starlight of Heaven above us shall quiver,
And our souls flow in one dream-river of love.

Sir, come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the home looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

Salmagundi.

THE TEN HOURS' BILL.

[There has been a debate recently in the British House of Commons, on a proposition to limit to ten hours, the daily work of laborers in manufactories. As it came within her province of being carried. The fellow was defeated, in relation to it, from the London People's Journal:]

The Ten Hours' Bill has been again lost, but only by a majority of 10. The Manchester men, and the other interlocutors will probably carry it. Public opinion is fast traveling towards the trumpet. In a few months, and the effectives are a wife and all whose trouble which the hanging forward of the question has given to those connected with it, have pondered the speech of Mr. Macaulay. That is a speech which will spread a wide conviction on the subject. It is impossible to read it with the great principle of the question—whether Government had a right to interfere in the restriction of the amount of labor to children between the ages of nine and 13 employed, and if so, on what grounds, and it declared once it appears to us according to the best of all philosophers, Aristotle, and also to Plato, that a right and is called on to interfere, where the health and happiness of the subject clearly demand it. The late Right Honorable gentleman showed that this interference had long been recognized and acted upon and that clearly by the public authorities. That we had interfered to protect hours and principles, and that surely we might extend that interference to human beings. That we had done so and had interfered to prevent dogs from overwork, and had by Act of Parliament abolished entirely their fearful cruelty, nay, by the Act, we agreed cruelty to animals, we have interfered to protect all sorts of men from overwork—even mice, rabbits, bats, like are to be a singular argument which would seek to establish a bar to such protection for our fellow-creatures, and that is, that we had not interfered repeatedly, and in factories too. We had, thirty years ago, relieved the brown in factories from fire to twelve. We had gone on interfered to relieve the hours of youths under eighteen, and females. They were not allowed to work in the night; and children between the ages of nine and 13 years were restricted to six and a half hours per day. Had long regulations produced injurious effects to trade? Nobody pretended that. Had they produced fire and bloodshed? No, were established. He might, also, name an instance the restrictions and abolitions respecting females and children working in mines. He reminded the House that by their Bodleian Act, and decision of Trevor, they interfered essentially for the public health. People were not allowed to build houses without certain conveniences, nor streets less than of a certain width. If people would not whitewash their houses, Government would do it for them. The case and the necessity of interference were most logically established. The Right Honorable gentleman put the question again on its right basis, by the doctrine that the health and happiness of the people must be made paramount to all other questions, that of interest, not more trading interest, must be secondary. This doctrine was well maintained. We have no right to allow men, for their private profit, to overwork their fellow-creatures, merely because they are not their property, when they would not overwork their horses or asses, because they are their own property. Mr. Macaulay, however, observed that the doctrine of a loss to the manufacturers, by the reduction of undue hours of labor was a fallacy. He showed that two hours a day, or one whole day in every seven, had been taken from all labor throughout the Christian world for these eighteen hundred years, or, in other words, a period of fifty years had been taken from labor during that time, and was the world any poorer for it? On the contrary, he believed it was richer; inasmuch as unceasing labor exhausts the finely constructed human frame, which he happily termed the machine of machines. This was the case as it regarded days' works. *If it* was not a fact that as much work could be done in ten hours as in twelve hours of any given day, it was true as applied to a series of days. And this is the fact, as it regards the manufacturing districts. The system of long labor and close confinement is deteriorating the race, and shortening human life; and there is a frightful idea started that even a man might do more work in twelve hours of one day than in two, he could not do the same in the course of ten years; and that when one ten is put to the end of another, and this operating from year to year, the consequences become fearful to contemplate.

We feel satisfied that the triumph of humanity this question is but a question of time. The reduced profits and unequalled power of competition with other countries, we believe to be utterly groundless. On the one hand, unlimited hours of factories only leads to a looser competition among manufacturers, to the production of the most manufactured products, and thereby to reduce prices, bringing with them reduced price of labor. On the other, more and better paid hands, more children—working fewer hours, will avoid exhaustion, debility and disease; while by checking overproduction at one period, it will prevent a paucity to spread it over others; and thus manufacturers, as men of foresight, will be induced to work more at one time, a circumstance particularly favorable to the working class.

THE BIRD OF HOPE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A golden cage of sunbeams
Half down a rainbow hung;
And sweet therein a golden bird
The whole bright cage among:—
The winged shapes around it grew
Enchanted as they heard
It was the bird of Hope—my love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

And ever of to morrow
The syren song began;—
Ah, what on earth's so special
As love and hope to man?—
I loved it, thinking still of them,
And of thy promised word:
It was the bird of Hope—sweet love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

Though ours should be a cottage home,
Free pride and pomp apart;
The truest wealth the heart possesses
Is still a faithful heart.
And thou it might of sickening wealth
Would never be perfected?"
It was the bird of Hope—sweet love—
It was Hope's golden bird!

THE WATER OF LIFE.

The prophet Solomon once complained of the shortness of human life. "O what use to me is my great wisdom," said he, "if I am not permitted to reap the fruit of it!" The greater part of my life was gone before I attained it, and now that I begin to use my experience, I find myself on the borders of the grave. What is human wisdom but a transitory flower? Many days and weeks pass by before the bud unfolds itself: no sooner is the blossom expanded than it fades away, and it is difficult to see the fruit of its existence."

So spoke the Prophet, sorrowing; then lifting up his eyes, he saw an angel from Heaven, bearing a vessel made of sapphire in his hand. "Solomon," said the messenger from above, "I come from the throne of the Eternal. He has heard thy complaint, and I am sent to bring thee the Water of Life, by it thou may'st prolong thy days, and enjoy eternal youth, but, if thou refuse to drink it, then, when thy time is come, then will go the way of flesh. The Eternal has spoken it, and what I believe thee do that which seemeth best in thine eyes." The angel placed the vessel at the feet of the Prophet and disappeared. Solomon in his astonished what to do, so he assembled his viziers and the principal men of his court, to ask their advice. One second, to become immortal, but, because Solomon, the wisest of his viziers was absent, the Prophet deemed him to be called, and had the question before him.

"Great king," answered Buliman, "is this water to be given to thee alone, or may others partake of it with thee?"

The Most High has granted this favor to me alone."

"Then," returned the vizier, "will thy wives, thy children, and thy friends one after another die away from thee. Like a tree which in autumn is deprived of its fairest fruit, they will wither away, and thy life, have to bemoan the death of a beloved one. What charm can there be in an immortality which brings with it increasing sorrow? Everything has found its end in this world as well as thyself, then would an immortal life become an everlasting misery."

"I have also for I think," said the Prophet; "this earth is not made to bear immortal children, nor would the sun remain comfortable in the midst of heaven. My fabrication of the Water of Life was wise man dwelling forever in this valley of tears, would become heir to all the evils of earthly misery, without seeing the end of such a winding passage, that man would be the most unhappy creature found beneath the sun."

When the Prophet returned, the water in the vessel was dried up. He knelt down and said, "Lord, forgive my error, and let me better know thy will." With these there is wisdom and understanding. Through them Thou hast ordered all things, and as a son of the dust do but praise Thy wisdom!"

Persevering under Difficulties.—Matthewney, like knowledge, is sometimes gained under difficulties. One of the most notable of these was a gentleman went to Bristol. B. I. from New York, on business, with the view of purchasing a cargo of logwood. He found, however, that when he arrived at the residence of the bride, he found that the ceremony could not be performed because the law of the land had not been published. They then went to Massachusetts and made application to a clergyman at Dighton, and to another at Taunton, but no better success. Then as the Massachusetts laws also required a "publication." They went to Boston on Monday, and finding that there would be no publication of the banns, they took the steam boat for New York in the afternoon, where they could their perseverance was rewarded with the accomplishment of their wishes.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Nabobs Biscuit.—Beat eight eggs; add to them one pound of flour, one pound of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

Bake in a quick oven.

Biscuit and Jelly Sandwich.—Mix a Naples biscuit, and bake it in a basin with straight sides; when cold cut it in slices three quarters of an inch thick; spread each with some jelly, and replace them, according to their original form; have ready an icing, and cover it both the top and the sides, and dry it in a warm oven.

Loaf Cake.—Put pound of butter, two pounds of flour, three pounds of fruit, six eggs, half a teaspoonful of mace, one pint of milk; three tablespoonfuls of dry saleratus—dissolve it in a little warm water, spice to taste, and one pound of currants, well washed and dried, and one pound of raisins, work it well together, and make it into three loaves.

Bake for one hour in a quick oven.

Dish Cake.—Beat eight eggs very light with one pound of sugar and twelve ounces of flour; drop them on paper, sprinkle fine sugar over each, and bake in a quick oven.

Take them from the paper with a knife.

Truffles.—Take egg in a tablespoonful of sugar, and as much flour as will make a stiff dough; roll it very thin, and cut them in small round or square cakes; drop two or three at a time in boiling lard. Worn they rise to the surface and turn over, they are done. Take them out with a skimmer, and lay them on a sieve to drain; keep jelly or jam on the centre of each when served.

Our Portrait Gallery.

GENERAL PAREDES.

[We take the following notice of the present distinguished head of the Mexican Republic from Waddy Thompson's "Recollections of Mexico."]

General Paredes, the author of the revolution, which terminated in the overthrow and banishment of Santa Anna, is a man of talents and acquirements in the military line, and speak of him as a gentleman and a patriot.

Paredes, Valencia, and Canalizo, were the three Generals in the most important commands under Bustamente. Paredes and Valencia went over to Santa Anna, and consummated, by their overthrow of Bustamente's government. Canalizo adhered with a noble fidelity to the fortunes of his chief, and after Bustamente's overthrow and expulsion held out for a long time at the head of only three hundred men, and by his remarkable gallantry obtained the name of the Lion of Mexico. As soon as Santa Anna was firmly seated in power, he showered favors of all sorts upon Canalizo, among other things, appointing him President ad interim during his own absence from Mexico. He very soon quarrelled with Valencia and Paredes. The former gave up his command, and the latter was ordered and imprisoned in the little town of Tula, thirty miles from Mexico. Paredes resides in the city of Guadalajara, where he is greatly beloved and respected. The Department of Guadalajara is in every respect the finest in Mexico, with more intelligence, and of course, virtue, better laws, a better population, and sounder political principles than any other. I know, when I left Mexico, that Paredes was only waiting for the favorable moment to strike, and that his friends in Guadalajara were perfectly organized, held regularly secret meetings, and were also only waiting for the moment of advantageous opportunity. This, unfortunately for himself, Santa Anna gave them. Reposing in the false security which his fortune had made him believe that he enjoyed, and no longer apprehending any danger from Paredes, he appointed him Governor of Sonora, a department upon the Pacific Ocean. On his way to his department, Paredes passed through Guadalajara, and on his arrival there the signal for the pronunciamento which resulted in the defeat and overthrow of Santa Anna.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

AMARYLLIS. *Splendid Beauty.*

Beauty, too rich for use, for earth too dear. Shakspeare.

Fair lonely lady, bright and crystalline!
As glorious as the morning, washed with dew.
When whose eyes the lakes her dawning beams—
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Less that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone.
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face. *Shakspeare.*

Amaryllis Formosissima, most beautiful Amaryllis, hangs its nodding bell obliquely towards the horizon, and as its stem is slender, long, like a vase, from the wind, and of fine, soft texture, it moves in inclined semicircles and anthers from the rain and cold—affording an agreeable example of art in the vegetable economy.

It received the name of *Jacobea Lily*, because some of the Jacobean family had a fancy to a likeness to the badge of the order of the knights of the order of St. James, in Spain.

It is a native of South America. The flowers are produced from the sides of the bulbs, are large, and of a deep red.

The calyx is a spathe, undivided; corolla two lipped, nodding obliquely on one side; stamens declined down.

There are many species of the Amaryllis, with various colored flowers, purple, yellow, &c. The prince, *A Lorina*, a smaller variety, seldom rising more than three or four inches high, is a native of France, &c., very fine, but not so large as the Jacobea.

A. Barcissus, Guernsey Lily, is a splendid species, and the messenger from above, "I come from the throne of the Eternal. He has heard thy complaint, and I am sent to bring thee the Water of Life, by it thou may'st prolong thy days, and enjoy eternal youth, but, if thou refuse to drink it, then, when thy time is come, then will go the way of flesh. The Eternal has spoken it, and what I believe thee do that which seemeth best in thine eyes." The angel placed the vessel at the feet of the Prophet and disappeared. Solomon in his astonished what to do, so he assembled his viziers and the principal men of his court, to ask their advice. One second, to become immortal, but, because Buliman, the wisest of his viziers was absent, the Prophet deemed him to be called, and had the question before him.

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Choice Selections.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LITTLE CARPET BAG.

Among the most common of street sights is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or steer, bearing with him a little carpet-bag, which seems to be filled to its utmost height with attestation. A little carpet-bag is no more noted than an umbrella or walking-stick in a man's hand, and yet it is surprising how much it is thought an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a large of luggage, the anxiety attending such a property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a little carpet-bag is no care—not a thought is lost on it—it is the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap his fingers in the face of fortune, and whistle contentedly. He can lounge in an omnibus with enough to exhaust the carrying of an elephant. While other passengers, by reason of various, or imaginary articles of luggage, are cramped, fidgety, and ill-at-ease, he is the most easy. He has a little all never part company. On arriving at his destination, he is not tormented by the attentions of an interested cabman or porter. In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet-bag, we are struck, at once, with the conviction that he is a bachelor—that he is not the husband in all on the early side. There is a kind of reckless independence about him, which is enough to infuriate wants attended, and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet-bag in hand has his last child to cry for—his last child to pride himself upon—his last child to suffer from unwholesome food. Whom he retires to rest at night, the possession of a little carpet-bag is not likely to disturb his slumbers, even if clean and in good order. It must pass through other hands that is not sent it, and distribute it to various parts of the establishment, before it can be found.

In illustration, I will remark that I have had two intervals of wait said in England at the same place, on the same date, and within three days of each other, whose value in this country differed ten cents per pound on the day of their purchase, or any subsequent day. The one was worth eight cents per pound, and just suited to the one market, and not to the other.

Within the past year I have sent more or less wool to every part of England, Wales and Scotland, comprising the various qualities grown in Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont. Nearly every invoice was accompanied with information that it was not cost me much with a view to put me in by their machinery, and hoping to receive in return suitable directions for the manufacture of a particular kind of goods, and shipping such wool to England." I was thus led to turn a voluminous correspondence, giving specifications for the manufacture of goods, and from this correspondence, and the results of those sales, as well as from personal observation and intercourse with the trade, I have generally succeeded. I trust that past errors may be avoided in the future, and I now have done with the preparation of wool for the market.

The production of wool in the United States, notwithstanding the immense increase of consumption, but the low price of grains and pecuniaries since 1837, has caused a rapid increase in the number of sheep—which, under very favorable circumstances, may double each three years—and they now surpass, and are likely still further to surpass, all previous calculations. The quantity of wool became on an average of the last year, that the value fell full twenty per cent., notwithstanding the large shipments, the abandonment of money, by the tariff, and the prospective confusion of the manufacturing interest. We now have the promise of considerably increased quantities in this year's clip, especially from some of the new States, with money rates in consequence the protective policy in some danger, and lower prices of cloths. If the home market were solely relied upon for wool, like all other articles, when produced in excess, would long rule low in price. An abundant supply will hereafter enable manufacturers to purchase at their leisure, and to choose their qualities; and henceforth prices must be regulated, like those of cotton, in the open markets of the world.

BEES.

A Method of Taking the Honey Without Destroying the Bees.

The common practice of killing bees, in order to obtain the honey, few can witness without some little compunction; and there is a very simple method of effecting the object without any injury to this most interesting little animal, (which on the score of interest, as humanity, claims regard.) I am beg leave to communicate it through your paper, should you deem it worthy a place in it.

In the evening, when the bees have retired, take the hive gently from the stand; spread a table cloth on the ground; set the hive on it, placing a stone or other in raise it three or four inches, then draw up the corners of the cloth, and fasten them tight around the middle of the hive, leaving the top open. Now below that the bees will have sufficient room between it and the hive—then raise the lid of the hive a little, and blow in the smoke from a very few puffs of which, as it is very disagreeable, will drive them down; continue raising the lid gradually, blowing till around, and in a few minutes you will be found that they have gone out of the hive. You may then take off the lid and cut away as much honey as you may desire; which, by this method, be performed the beginning of July, you may take nearly all, as there will be time enough to provide a sufficiency for their support during the winter. As soon as you have taken the honey put on the lid, loosen the cloth, and spread it out, and in an hour or two the bees will have returned to the hive. It may then be replaced on the stand, and on the following day they will be found at work as usual.

This method is very simple, and preferable to that sometimes practised, of driving the bees into another hive, as you get all the honey, and moreover the new comb, which is still empty, and the young bees, not yet out of their cells, are preserved. There is also danger in driving, of their not liking their new habitation, and, in that case, of their rallying out and making war upon their neighbors.

The above method has frequently been practised by myself and others, and we have always found it to be well.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Manure for Fruit Trees.—No tree appears to be more benefited by animal manures than the peach tree. We may often observe that when it grows near a barn yard, so as to reach the manure, that the growth is greater, the leaves greener, and the fruit larger, than when it stands on steelly ground; and even as a general rule, fruit of the same variety is flavored in proportion to its size, the larger, the finer. Urine may be very advantageously applied to this tree, especially while it is small, as well as to young apple trees. It not only hastens their growth, but, by it offensive odor, drives away from the latter, and from the fruit of the former, the curculio. A small tree will bear a pint once a fortnight, and stronger in proportion to size; I have never injured any of my trees by this application, and consequently have not ascertained the amount which may be used upon them, except by large trees will bear much more.—*American Quarterly Journal.*

Agricultural.

WOOL FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET.

Mr. Hamilton Gay, an extensive wool merchant of New York, has forwarded to the editors of the Journal of Commerce an account of his shipping wool to England, from which we make extracts, that will be interesting to our readers:

More than one-half of the American fleece wool exported from the United States, of the last year's clip, was purchased by myself and others for having a joint interest with me. The purchases were all made at the lowest point of the season, being commenced in the latter part of August, and end the 20th of October last. The result has been a net loss of 3 per cent, and 10½ holes of wool yet unsold—chiefly in the fine descriptions, which will on the first favorable opportunity be sent to England. Not a fleece of wool was sold to meet the views of any speculator, but the whole or large portion of it unduly pressed upon the market, and this loss arose from causes unnecessary, easily avoided, and entirely within the control of parties in this country.

The prices of United States fleece wool are affected by the condition in which they are sent to the London condition. It contains too much oil, and yolk, and dirt. The sheep are generally washed in the month of June, and can be long after washing before shearing. A large portion of the wool from the Western States is unwashed. The locality where wool is sold to the manufacturers.

The fact is that wool is a superior staple, while the sheep is inferior to no other in the world of equal grade, and it may be safely stated, that every pound of wool in the United States is inferior to the English markets, deduct from the value of the wool containing it the price at least of two pounds of wool. English manufacturers are anxious to procure purchasing, upon a portion of the fleeces, and examine carefully, not only the fineness, but also the strength of the staple, and the condition of the wool.

The next step is to properly sort and rack the fleeces, and direct them to the best market. This is the most hard's part, and more than a shipper's profit depends upon it being performed understandingly.

In England each manufacturer devotes his attention to some particular description of goods for which machinery has been constructed, and he makes no other. The makers of such kinds of goods have established themselves mostly together in some one part of the kingdom, where they have a wool market of their own, to which they seek for the qualities they want, and where the latter prepare, and will buy no other. The broadcloth makers in the West of England, the worsted manufacturers in Yorkshire—the flannel manufacturers of Rochdale—and those who make hosiery in Nottingham—purchase their wools in markets suited to the wants and only for their own machinery. So nice does this discrimination run, that the fleeces of fine wool, and of long wool, are sorted by the wool growers before shears, are mostly sent to one part of the country, and there wrought into very different kinds of goods. Even the fine and great quantity of fine fleece wool for shipment, should, before it goes on board, be sorted and racked according to the fineness of the staple, and the fleeces of long wool, and of intermediate staple. In order that it may be sold directly to those who require it, and not be sent to a factor, a clear highway, a free school. What true to be looking in the streets about the town for the bale of hay, or the sack of corn, or the load of dung? A better anthem would be Free as love and cheap. Ah, go ahead, my brave boys, and let Erin go pantaloons without holes in them.—*Irish Saint.*

Female Labor.—It is imagined that our new sisters should not be allowed to vote, because they but the grumbles of Paris are no better represented, they work from seven o'clock in the morning till eight night, and receive for their labor the miserable sum of about twenty-five cents per day for food. With the money they pay rent and procure clothing. In the time of bad and gloomy times they are exposed to starvation, and a pale cheek is rarely seen among the girls.

Ep. If it said the fortune of Mr. John Jacob Astor amounts to $23,000,000. This vast sum, at six per cent interest, would yield an annual income of $1,380,000, which is equal to $3,780 per month, or to $87,692 per week, or to about $5,000 per day, or a little over $125 per hour, or a little more than $2 per minute, or to near a cent per second.

In a Desperate Condition.—The Cincinnati Atlas says that a cash old chimney sweep, in this city, who for the past four years, has resided himself daily for leaves, "in consolation and in sorrow," has at last got a chance to take a cash old chimney, the edge of a sharp promise across the surface of the knife, and the edge of the knife will catch, as if it had come across some hard substance.

Ep. A rather inch of cotton rinse contains on an average about sixty one thousand animalcules. At every stroke that is made with this polishing powder, perhaps tens of millions of insect fossils are crushed to atoms!

The Bible.—The Bible has been translated into and is now printed or written in one hundred and forty languages.

Ep. Jean Paul says love may slumber in a lady's heart, but it always dreams.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 14, is a County in Ohio.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, is a River in Ohio.
My 3, 11, 12, 7, 15, 18, 7, 15, is a River in the United States.
My 1, 10, 9, 15, 10, 6, is a Town in the United States.
My 12, 18, 15, 7, 15, 6, is a River in Europe.
My 18, 3, 11, 10, is a River in the United States.
My 12, 2, 5, 17, is a County in Michigan.
My 1, 10, 8, 7, 6, is a county in North Carolina.
My whole is the name of the author of the Enigma, whose initials are, J. G. B.

RIDDLE.

Some Dragoons' come, I'm the least indication
That e'er was communicated to mankind notice;
Of all the words in the world I'm the smallest,
Yet I can tell places between the two poles.

RIDDLE.

My first is marked by good or ill,
Or is a blessing or a woe;
My second does each purpose fill
Of every variety, or show;
United, they a thing express,
That's never found in the acres of pleasure,
Whose use a moral may impress—
And of the first is my measure.

RIDDLE.

Two legs I've got, which never walk on ground;
But when I go out, I'm always found.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a pack of cards like a garden?

There is a word of three syllables, from which, if you take away five letters, a male will remain, if you take away four, a female will remain, if you take away three, a great man will appear, and the whole word pursues you with a great venom. What is the word?

What word is that, to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter?

What is anybody deprived of its existence?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
Geography, Georgia, Washington.

RIDDLE.
Nun.

RIDDLE.
Wednesday.

RIDDLE.
Pleasure.

RIDDLE.
Footsteps.

CONUNDRUMS.
He makes an object.
It is soon evaporated.
It always goes.
It gives us well as misses.
Because it is a mite.

The Instructor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Why were not pence' coins responsible before the Reformation?

Because, in the quaint language of Aubrey, "the charitable dolen given at religious houses, which did in every parish feed the beggars, in every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, pots, cranks, &c. for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met, and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. But after the Reformation there were few or no alms-houses before the time of King Henry VIII., that at Oxford, opposite to Christchurch is one of the most ancient in England. In every church was a poor man's box, and here the lake a great ones.

"There were very few free schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were generally taught by the Monasteries and young women had their education, and Mr. Harkney, as early as 1578, but at monasteries, where they learnt needlework, writing, cookery, &c. Before the Reformation and surgeons being at that time very rare; waiting, drawing, &c.

Why is *part of the Church of England* known *called the Litany?*

Because of its origin from the Greek for supplications; the Litany being a form of suppliant, very prayer.

Why in the *Church of England Catechism*, is its precise What is *your name?* answer why?

Because ecclesiastical forms ran, *Ego N. Ego* opus Cre. et. *Lat.* and *Ego N. Diocese Eccl.*